ALEX HAYDEN'S WEBLOG OF AWESOME THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS

Decided to join 21st Century and do a blog, to share recipes and life stories with others in hopes of communicating better with world around me in wonderful plan to expose true self to people of all nations and look for pictures of naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos. Am not yet allowed to use computer. REFUSE TO ABANDON PLAN!

THINGS I RECOMMEND: 1802, head shots, self-inflicted noogies, R. Philbin

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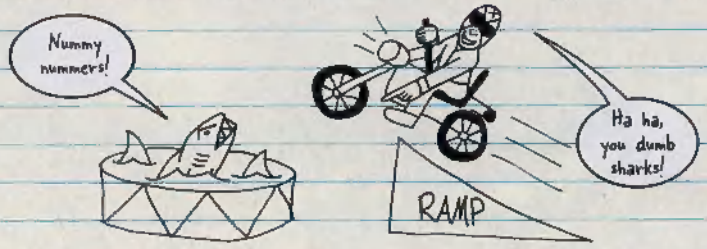
WOW! Had great dream! Woke up and best pal Richie was telling me not to do crazy stunt to save Arnold's. Then Leather and Pinky Tuscadero starting slow dancing and I was shameful. Potsie started to sing, so I shot him. Pushed Joanie off cliff. Was again shameful. Must get dream interpretation book, possibly just hate Potsie.

AWESOME!



RECOMMENDED THINGS: Naked women playing Hungry Hungry Hippos, Ex-Potsie

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Life has been weird. First, showed up, with no memory, on Sandi's doorstep. People say, "You are Deadpool," who was previous nutjob merc, killed by German nutjob merc Black Swan. I say, "No, I'm not." Debating skills rusty.

Had huge feud with Japanese nutjob crime cartel, led by nutjob Higashi. Just when I got THAT situation covered (or so I thinked), had sudden, torrid moment with best friend. NOT POTSIE. Sandi, fool! I'd shoot you if you existed!

I know Outlaw, previous love monkey, has gone back home to Texas, probably for good, but still feel weird and guilty, until I think of Sandi in that one outfit with the red shirt and the boots, and she smells real nice and know what? As dumb as this sounds, I'm afraid to lose her, which I will when she looks around and remembers who she is and what I am. Miss Outlaw, too. Feel greedy.

Also, someone blew up half my amusement park, and I realize I can't keep putting Sandi in danger. So I'm closing our merc offices, AGENCY X, for good. It's only the end of everything we tried to build. I haven't told her yet. Feeling a different kind of shameful. Pretty sure amnesiac scabbed-up losers aren't supposed to be happy, anyway.

Sandi's friend, nutjob merc Taskmaster, has always wanted me out of the picture. Maybe he's right. Maybe I AM bad luck.

Took Personality Test.

You are MODOK.

Your head is enormous and your butt is teensy
You are charismatic and generous
You like Potsie
You shoot people
You are a major dork

Three hundred nautical miles from the eastern seaboard, the Portuguese bulk cargo ship, the Golfinho; a low-end freighter carrying high-end imported engine parts--
--and sometimes, for a fee, unlisted passengers.
GOLFINHO
They should have stuck with the engine parts.
Ei! Americano!
Por que você é tão rude?

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My friend say, why are you so unfriendly?
I do not think he like you, America.
Esse Americano é tão rude! Esse é nosso barco.
Now he say, first you do not speak to us, and then you refuse to drink with us. It is insult. Insulting.
Have a drink, America. One drink with us as friends.
Will you talk to us *NOW*, new friend?
Perhaps your mouth is too small? I will fixing that.

Get his wallet.
Later.
Let go of him.
I have no anger for you.
SLASH
?!?

The small unfortunate things on the ship's floor in front of you are the toes of your left foot and the fingers of your right hand.
Please don't make me cripple you further.
I should have killed them all. They may have dreary notions of revenge in their reptile brains.
But I seem to have grown a conscience.
How *inconvenient.*

Elsewhere.
I've been having some difficulties lately. Nothing serious.
Just screwing up in every facet of my life, is all.
I've been alienating friends, putting them in danger...
Haven't been able to work up the nerve to tell Sandi I'm closing Agency X...
...my park is half blowed-up...
...and worst of all--
SCRITCHA SCRITCHA SCRITCHA
--I got jock itch real bad from these stupid pants.
DEADPOOL WALKIN'
PART ONE
OUR LIVES IN FRACTURE
I think I may have invented a higher form of sanity.
GAIL SIMONE
WRITER
ALVIN LEE & UDON
ARTISTS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT
LETTERER
ANDY SCHMIDT ASST. EDITOR
MARC SUMERAK EDITOR
JOE QUESADA CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT
SPECIAL THANKS TO BUDDY, EVAN AND DANIEL

What are *you* crying about?
Listen, you shouldn't be so hard on yourself. You guys came here to kill me and you *almost* succeeded.
Well, not really, but it was *still* a very good *effort!*
I always try to be a positive force in the universe.
Hint to newbie mercs: When you take jobs from mobsters, they invariably send around some goombahs to make sure you don't do any bragging later.
Please...I don't--I don't want to die.
Listen, little buddy--you think you got problems?
I'm the idiot who slept with his best friend, and is probably gonna lose the *two* most amazing women in the world over it, *plus* I've been sleeping on the frickin' *Tilt-A-Whirl* for three nights and now I smell like four-year-old *puke*, and *not in a good way.*
So don't come to me with your "Oh, I'm so sad, I'm going to die, whine whine bitch complain poor little *me*" act.
Way I see the world right now, I'm probably doing you a *favor.*
Only his porn vendor would miss him.
Come on, man, look me in the eyes.
Ah, hell.
Just get outta here. Tell your boss I'm charging my standard hit rate for each guy he sent here.
I seem to have grown ■ conscience. How *inconvenient.*

Do me a favor, Alex, and put some aloe on that sucking chest wound of yours, would you?
Sandi's got us both a gig.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
Oh, look. It's my former trainer and current Spice Girls fanboy, the Taskmaster.
How long have you been here?
And thanks for the help, by the way.
Long enough to hear what you did to Sandi.
And you're okay with that?
I'm fine. I don't own her. We're not like that.
Yeah, but...
...it's obvious that you got something for her bad and I really think--
UPPH!
I said I'm fine.
You are centimeters away from putting a permanent boot-mark in my man-essence.
I don't think either of us truly wants that.
Sandi says the gig's low green, but we need to do it for other reasons.
Troll?
Thank you, no.
I like Trolls. They look like freak sideshow babies with Don King hair.
I think these are trolls anyway. They might be hobbits. I don't keep up.

Soon...
No. N. O.
This is not happening.
I will not be a chauffeur...
...especially not for this guy.
It's disturbing to my man-essence!
The hot babe is Sandi, the only real friend I've ever had. We haven't talked much since our recent "night together"--hope this isn't some sorta whacked-out revenge...
No disrespect intended, Mr. Hayden.
First, this is a job, Alex.
Second, you and Tony aren't just drivers--you're bodyguards. And this is a way to put the Four Winds feud behind us forever.
If I'd told Sandi I was closing the Agency, like I'd meant to, then I would have been spared this.
It's to your benefit as well, Mr. Hayden. Tonight, the families of the Four Winds gather together in a meeting that is ostensibly social, but in which appearance is everything.
You and your associates showing your willingness to work with us says you're no longer an enemy.
Yeah? And what do you get out of it, Higashi?
A few months ago, we were all fighting for our lives against this guy's mob. Now we have an uneasy truce.
What is it about weird bald freaks with guns that they all seem to fall in love with Sandi?
When one has rivals, Mr. Hayden, it is always of value to show that you're in a position of strength.
Man, I love when you start with the Tony Robbins B.S.
I feel like actualizing my potential on his face--
Guess I'll drive then. Nice sunny day for it, anyway.
I'd prefer if Mr. Hayden drives us, please.
I like my crime bosses a little less sweet, thank you very much.

You sure you're okay with this?
Shut up.
ZZT
Okay, I get why Taskmaster and I are here...
But why Sandi? Why tonight?
I'm not jealous. I'm not.
Okay, a bit.
When one has rivals, Mr. Hayden.
I'm really starting to loathe this job.
I'm more of an exploit-the-workers type.
Alex, are you going to be professional about this, or not?
I'm driving. See? I'm driving.
I'm calm and collected.
If his hand moves two inches north, I'm biting a chunk out of this steering wheel.
Let's take our minds off of all this territory-marking. Who likes singalongs?
There...was a merc who had a gun and Blammo was its name-o!
Aim!-A-M-M-O! Shoot!-A-M-M-O! Death!-A-M-M-O! And Blammo was its name-o!
Hope they have s'mores at this shindig.

So, listen...you Four Winds guys, you have subsidiaries everywhere, right? 'Cause I have this million dollar idea:
Smell novels for dogs.
Alex, turn around and watch the road.
See, each page of a smell novel would tell part of the story which would amuse and stimulate the canine reader.
Hey, Higashi...you didn't arrange any additional escorts, right?
No, but I'm beginning to wish I had.
"Page One: There was a wiener dog in a forest. Page Two: She was in heat. Page Three: She peed on a tree."
Well, hey, I mean, I'm a writer, but you get the idea...
It wouldn't work.
No boy dogs would make it past Page Two.
Magazines, too. You could do an issue of People that's just celebrity rear ends.
It's like that already.
Hey, are you sure one of you two wouldn't like to sit up front?

Do you see that?
Shut up.
He's touching her leg.
Shut up.
The soft fleshy
Will you shut up?
Of her leg.
Hey, ■ attractive Japanese girl is waving to me.
If she brought Buffalo wings and a big-screen TV, it'd be like my ultimate fantasy.
Hello, hello! Shee!~
She's waving something at ■.
I like this town. They have drive-through mating. Help me think of an excuse not to call her afterwards!
I believe she means to do us harm, Mr. Hayden.
Listen, just because I got the serious man-essence surplus mojo make-a ladies go boom doesn't mean--
She's moving around in front.
She's attached something to the hood!
It's probably some chocolates, or ■ package of bawdy photographs of her in various circus outfits...
What the hell is that thing?
Oh, my God. It's...
it's...

...It's a Hello Puppy and it's stuffed adorable death for all!
Take the wheel.
Hurry.
Got it! I think it's a dud!
POIT!
WHOOM!
ALEX!
Ouch.
That's it. If I live through this, I'm inventing a form of explosive that's gentler to sensitive skin.

Hello, mister! ≒giggle!≒
Uh...
I am pleased to meet you, ugly man! ≒hee hee!≒
If I get killed by some freakin' anime babe, I swear I'm boycotting all Sailor Moon related products in the afterlife. Except for *pogs*.
Hello, Ugly Mister! Hello! Will you be my hippity hoppity bunnyfriend? ≒hee hee!≒
Hang *on!*
You *think?*
Death rides a cute pale horse!
If I had just *one* more hand, I would *so* shoot her in the Strawberry Shortcake.
Plus, I bet I get *screwed* on the suit rental deposit.

I recognize those two...they're from the Northern Wind faction. This is an assassination attempt.
Tony, can't you *do* anything?
Me watching Jeff Gordon drive doesn't make this boat NASCAR, Sandi.
Think you can make it over into the front seat?
Oooh, poor Ugly Mister is crying inside!
Gah! My Teen Beat face!
Ow. Damn *light* sensitivity.
Jeez, she's giving him a perfect shot of her behind.
Shut up, Hayden!
Heh. You're such a *dork*, Tony.
Your bloody death makes me sunshine happy! Shee!
Hey, now, there's something you don't get pointed at you every day!
I didn't even know they *made* pink Uzis.

You must get Sandi to safety. I'll pay any...
Shut up! I'm trying to think here.
I'm no good like this.
That's it. I'm gonna die stuck to a limo, just like all my favorite bugs.
UNGH.
Tony? What are you doing...?
SLAM
RRRRRRCH!
Gonna
Kill
You
Tony,
You
Unbelievable
A--!
ZZT!
Get in the back and stay there, Sandi.
No more running. I don't much like it.

You think you can handle the one with the sword?
Ayup. I hope you've been watching lots of Captain America videos lately.
Don't worry--
--turns out I *have*.
Survivor buys the headstones?
Deal.
Goodbye, stupid ugly Mister men! ;giggle!; *Fatality!*
;giggle!;
You know, if we get killed in the street by two delinquent Pokemon trainers, people might completely forget that we were badasses.
Your blood is ours, cheerful *okay!* ;tee hee!;

Kenichi Building, twenty minutes later.
SCREEEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEE
SCREE
Hey, are we late? You guys saved us some pizza rolls and Ding Dongs, right?
Kita, my friend. I believe I have some property of yours--
--these two motorcycles...
...and the two assassins you sent to kill me, tied up in this car's trunk.
My arm is multiple fracture! Hee hee!
I am breathing with extreme difficulty! Punctured lung is not happy funtime agony! Giggle!

Appearing to work for me ends any remaining enmity the Four Winds might have had for you three. And you have my gratitude.
Please enjoy the party. I believe a long talk with Kita is in order.
A possibly fatal talk?
Quite possibly.
This guy, he's got everything. And he's nuts about Sandi.
Forgive me, Sandi. I'll return as fast as I'm able.
He'd treat her right, like she deserves.
Not like a dumb merc with no past would.
Listen, Sandi, I--
--I just want you to know that if you and he want to... if you decide that you want to be with him, you know? I mean...
Alex.
I mean, look at the two of us... I'd go out with him!
I just want you to be happy. Honest.
...
Alex, what color dress am I wearing?
...Red?
And what's your favorite color?
Red, but I don't see what that has...
Oh!
You might have regrets for what we did, Alex.
But I don't.
The man-essence wins again!

Post-party, pre-slumber, at Sandi's apartment...
You do realize you both acted like complete and unprofessional idiots tonight?
grumble grumble mutter
I frankly think my idiocy was extremely professional.
I'm so tired I could sleep with a horse, or however that expression goes.
Look, we can't continue working as any kind of team if we're suddenly all back in junior high.
Sandi, about that...
Come on in, and let's talk this out.
Hold it. Someone's messed with the door.
Hello, Miss Brandenberg.
Forgive me for the intrusion, please.
The Black Swan!

You blink, I fire, Swan.
I ain't kidding.
Wait, what am I missing? Who *is* this creep?
This is the guy we all thought was dead. The guy who killed Wade Wilson--Deadpool.
Don't try anything, Swan. I'll kill you twice, man.
Well. My reputation precedes me.
I have, however, brought a witness who may well vouch for my character.
Might I present the man I supposedly killed?
...Mr. Wilson?
What the *hell?*
But-- we thought Alex was--
You're *alive!*
He's *alive!*
NO--!

Alex, what have you done?!?
NEXT:
WHIPPINGS AND APOLOGIES